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(ORIGINAL.)

AN HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND.

BY ERASMUS GOWER.

(Continued from page 51.)

CHAPTER VI.

The first section of Magna Charta shows the great influence and power which the clergy had attained; it states,—*That the clergy of the English Church shall possess all their liberties whole and inviolate.**

It would have been much more satisfactory to the historian if the Barons who framed Magna Charta had stated the grievances and defined the liberties of the clergy. But as they did not do this, I may be allowed to indulge in a plausible speculation as to what were the liberties meant in the first section of Magna Charta. 1st, then,—At the commencement of the disputes between John and the Barons, the King granted to the clergy a charter of free election, by which it was provided that the custody of all collegiate, cathedral, and conventual churches should, as heretofore, (when they became vacant,) be vested in the Crown: but the royal license of election should be granted as soon as asked, and whoever the electors appointed should be approved of by the King, and his election confirmed.† 2d,—The right of appointing the Archbishops and the Bishops had, as before stated, been originally vested in the King; but in the reign of the second Henry, the appointments were claimed, and, after a struggle, enjoyed by the Pope and the chapters. Yet, though the Monarch no longer appointed the higher dignitaries of the English Church, he still claimed the right of so doing, and more than one of the successors of Henry had attempted (though vainly) to nominate in opposition to the Pope and the chapters. By the first section of Magna Charta, the clergy now sought to have the right of appointment by the Pope and the chapters confirmed and ratified by the King; and, of course, by signing the Charta, the Monarch deprived himself of the right he had hitherto claimed. 3d,—The clergy claimed exemption from all obligations, save those they themselves agreed to. This claim was ratified by the first section of Magna Charta.

These appear to me to be the chief liberties guaranteed to the clergy, by the first section of Magna Charta; and, it must be obvious, that in this case no liberty whatever was granted to the people. The powers of the church, which obtained these rights, has long ceased to exist, (in England;) and the British Monarch now enjoys those privileges which the first section of Magna Charta wrested from his predecessor John.

The second section provides,—*That the ancient relief for wardship should be restored, viz. one hundred pounds for the fee of an Earl, one hundred marks for the fee of a Baron, and one hundred shillings for the fee of a Knight. That in cases where the King exercised his privilege of guardian during a minority, he should uphold the house and buildings, and commit no waste of the chattels and slaves. That heirs and heiresses should not be married to their disparagement, nor without the previous knowledge of their relatives; and that widows should be entitled to a third of their husbands' possessions.* This section seeks to remedy the abuses which, began by the second Henry, and continued by his successors, mainly contributed to excite the Barons to rebellion. The claims made by the King in cases of wardship were more grievously felt than any of his other claims, so that, in restricting the powers of the King in the manner before stated, the Barons achieved the chief part of their undertaking. Yet no one will have the hardihood to assert that the liberties of England had any connexion with the second, and perhaps most important, section of Magna Charta. The fact is, in this case, the Barons merely contemplated the strict provisions of the feudal system, as guaranteed by the Conqueror, and never dreamed of more extensive liberties than their ancestors enjoyed. Besides, whatever might be the beneficial influence of this section, it extended only to the vassals of the Crown, and, of course, totally passed over the vast majority of the population. So much for the liberties granted by the second section of Magna Charta.

Section third provides,—*That in all cases where the King requires aids or scutages the council are to be informed forty days beforehand; the town and place of meeting to be specified; together with the intended subject of discussion. These regulations being duly observed, the members absent are to be governed by the decision of those present.* What is here termed aids and scutages, I have, in the second chapter of this Inquiry, rendered voluntary contribution,—so that the reader will be aware of the meaning of these terms. From this section of Magna Charta it would appear that the meetings of King's council, before noticed,* were generally for the purpose of granting aids, and a check upon the demands of the King is here provided. The motives which induced the Barons to insert this section appear to me to result from the following causes:—1st, During the reign of the Conqueror, the feudal lawyers discovered that there were three cases in which the King could demand contribution, or, as they were called, aids and scutages, viz.—in case of his captivity in a foreign land—on the birth of his eldest son—and on the marriage of his eldest daughter. These occurrences could happen so seldom that I have hitherto abstained from noticing this method of obtaining revenue; but it would appear that both the first Richard and John had obtained grants of aid from the council, under the pretence that former aids, on account of some of the three cases, had not been tendered to them. By the third section, the Barons provide against these demands, inasmuch as by obtaining timely notice of the purpose for which they were summoned, they could ascertain whether or no the King had any just demands upon them for aids. 2d, The vassals of the Crown were divided into greater and lesser Barons, or those whose fiefs were extensive, and those whose fiefs were but small. Both the greater and lesser Barons had a right to sit in the council, so that when writs were issued for the attendance of the members of the council, both were summoned. This lay heavily upon the lesser Barons, as they were ill able to pay the necessary expenses of the journey to the place of meeting, attended by the retinue they were obliged to appear with. It had, therefore, been customary for the greater Barons only to attend, and the lesser Barons generally acceded to their decisions. From this sprung a great abuse, as, though the vassals of the Crown, they were enabled to defy its power when united, yet the greater Barons could not alone withstand it; hence it generally happened, that either by threats or by force the King obtained his ends, owing to the absence of the lesser Barons. The council of Nottingham before mentioned is an example. To remedy this, the Barons now sought to obtain a knowledge of the purpose for which they were summoned, in order to warn the lesser Barons of its import, and to gain time for them to appear, should their presence be thought necessary by their fellow nobles. Such were the benefits the Barons promised themselves by the third section of Magna Charta. This section of Magna Charta tacitly acknowledges the right of the Crown vassals to refuse attendance, should they dislike the purpose for which they were summoned, and by so doing they could evade the contribution required of them. It must be confessed that we have in this some shadow of liberty granted and guaranteed. But this part of Magna Charta was expunged in the early part of the third Henry's reign, and never afterwards restored, so that even the slight liberty this section guaranteed was speedily destroyed.

Section fourth enacts,—*That the Common Pleas shall no longer follow the person of the King, but be held in some certain place. The King's Court, and the Court of Exchequer, are still to accompany the Sovereign.* There is little in this section worthy of notice, as it merely relates to a matter of convenience. It had, heretofore, been customary for the courts of justice to accompany the King in his journeys through the kingdom. By the fourth section the Barons sought to render the most important of these courts stationary, under the plea that as the King was uncertain in his movements, much delay and expense was incurred, by the suitors in the Common Pleas being necessitated to follow the court from place to place, as the caprice of the King dictated. To remedy this, Magna Charta decreed that the Common Pleas should be independent of the King's movements; and it has, accordingly, ever since been held at Westminster. Perhaps the chief motive why this section was inserted, was the ex-

* Magna Charta † Lingard quo Paris et Rymer.

* In the last chapter.

pense the Crown vassals incurred in being compelled partly to support the officers of the court of Common Pleas.

Section fifth.—*For the better administration of justice, the King grants that no man shall be made Justice, Sheriff, Constable, or Bailiff, unless he is sufficiently versed in the law; that no bailiff shall, on his own assertion, and without witnesses, put a man to his law; and, that as the itinerant justices made their progresses at very uncertain periods, two justices shall be sent into every county four times a year—who, with the aid of four Knights shall hold Assizes of Darien Presentment, Mort d'Ancester, and Novel Desseisin.** These are useful provisions; but they only rectify abuses;—they do not add to the liberties of the subject. With the exception of the clauses respecting the two justices and four knights, it only places the administration of justice on the same basis as it was in the days of the Conqueror: and even the jurisdiction of the new tribunal extended only to the vassals of the Crown—as, in a former case, the vast majority of the people were no ways affected by it. To the King it mattered not who administered justice, as he could derive no revenue (which was his main object) either through the agency of one versed in the law, or one ignorant of it. In the days of John the expenses incurred by law-suits were trifling; and, with the exception of the King's court, at London, the Monarch derived no revenue from the courts of law. Thus the fifth section of Magna Charta grants no new liberties to the subject; it merely confines itself to rectifying abuses, without contemplating, in the slightest degree, the extension of liberty.

End of Chapter Sixth.

* Darien Presentment—a recognition to discover who presented the last parson to a church. *Mort d'Ancester*—whether the last possessor was seized of land demesne in his own fee. *Novel Desseisin*—whether the claimant had been unjustly dispossessed of his freehold.

Tales, Romances, &c.

ORIGINAL.]

THE PLAGUE OF MANCHESTER,

A ROMANCE.

BY EDGAR ATHELING.

CHAPTER IV.

"The mailson of Heaven doth rest upon thee.
Thou art curs'd."—*Old Play.*

At the same time a number of the inhabitants emerged from their abodes, and hurried towards the church. "Whence arises this summons?" said he to one of the inhabitants, "and why do ye hasten towards the church?"

"We go to supplicate the Almighty touching our present dreadful state," said the person he interrogated; then casting a terrified look on Rycliffe, he sped forwards.

"Methinks ye act wisely," muttered Rycliffe, "for assuredly your sole aid is in the mercy of Heaven." He now arrived at the door of Alice Hardman's house, and commanding Bokanky to follow him, he entered. He found Fitzosborne still endeavouring to console the weeping Alice; to whom addressing himself, and presenting Timothy, he exclaimed,

"Lady, I have brought hither a servant, who, I trust, will execute his office well and faithfully. What sayest thou, valorous Bokanky?"

Timothy, who was marvellously well pleased with the house and its inmates, ejaculated,

"Of a truth, I comna promise as how I can do so much, but if I dunna do whatsoe'er I can, my name's not Timothy Bokanky."

"Well, well, thou wilt answer our present purpose," said Rycliffe, "and now I constitute thee lord paramount of this habitation, to go and come, fetch and carry, at the bidding of this pair, thy master and mistress."

Timothy grinned, and cried, "Well, I shouldna' wish to serve a nicer couple. Marry, were it na' fa'th' plaguy plague, I should e'en be contented to leave Giles Philpot's service, and tak up my station here."

"Now, bestir thee then," cried Rycliffe, "and attend us to the church whither we now go." Rycliffe then informed Fitzosborne and Alice of the meeting in the church, and his determination to go thither. "And we will go," said Alice, rising from her seat, "and we will go and mingle our prayers with the assembled congregation. Perchance the supplication of the people may turn away Heaven's wrath from this plague-stricken town."

"Perchance so," muttered Rycliffe; "but let us away, ere the prayers begin."

Fitzosborne and Alice rose, and the latter having thrown over her person a rich crimson velvet hood, they bent their steps towards the church, followed by Rycliffe, Bokanky bringing up the rear. As they again crossed the market-place, their course was impeded by the vast concourse of people thronging towards the same place as themselves. Our pedestrians stopped not to observe their neighbours, but in silence speeded onwards, and soon entered the church of Manchester.

In 1605 the church was a lofty stone building, consisting of a choir, two side aisles, and a large space occupied by transverse seats and benches, and a pulpit, in which the service of the church was performed. It was into this latter part of the church, the party we have introduced to our readers now entered. Fitzosborne and Alice seated themselves on a rude bench, at a small distance from the pulpit, while Rycliffe, attended by Bokanky, stationed himself at the farther extremity of the church.

The whole of the population of Manchester, of all sexes and degrees, were now assembled in the church, to offer up their prayers to the Almighty, that he would be pleased to stay the terrible and wide-spreading plague, which speedily threatened to annihilate the once prosperous and happy inhabitants of a now wretched, diseased, and devoted town. Scarcely had Fitzosborne and Alice offered up their silent prayer to the throne of Heaven, when the solemn swell of the organ proclaimed the approach of the minister of God. Every brow was raised in expectation, and every eye was turned towards the pulpit, as with feeble and tottering steps the Rev. John Dee, warden of the church, entered its sacred precincts. The rest of the ministers of the church, six in number, had fled ere the plague was known to exist in Manchester; but he, the most aged and most dignified of them all, preferred remaining with his flock in their hour of peril, to basely forsaking the charge committed to his care by the God of heaven. It was at the command of this venerable man that the inhabitants of Manchester were now assembled in the church, and though bent with age, and on the brink of the grave, John Dee now proposed, for perhaps the last time, to offer up his prayers to Heaven in the church of Manchester. For a moment the aged minister knelt in silent adoration before his Maker, then raising himself, he gazed mournfully on the assembled congregation. His aged eyes were filled with tears, as he beheld the youth and beauty assembled beneath, now prostrate in the dust, and supplicating Heaven to spare them yet a little longer. And to the eyes of youth and beauty, the warden seemed a fit instrument to intercede with them for the purpose of gaining the pardon and mercy of God. For never did a more venerable or saint-like man gaze on his flock, than he who now gazed on the inhabitants of Manchester. The few gray hairs straggling over his bright, bald crown; the pale, wrinkled countenance, and dim blue eyes; the withered hand, clasped as if in supplication; and the snow-white vestments which concealed the rest of his person, gave the Rev. John Dee a look more of the world which is to come, than that in which he at present abode.

When the solemn peal of the organ which announced his presence had ceased, the warden again knelt, and began the solemn and beautiful service of the Church of England. With him knelt youth and beauty, old age and ugliness, the soul which had never before quailed, and the body which, until now, had never felt disease. In humbleness of spirit, and with softened hearts, did the congregation utter the responses to the minister; and many a bright eye was filled with tears, and many a blooming cheek grew pale, as with an earnest and mournful voice the venerable minister uttered the words, "From *plague*, pestilence, and famine, Good Lord, deliver us." Thousands of voices uttered the responses; thousands of voices re-echoed through the sacred house of God; thousands of sorrowful hearts heaved, as with truth and sincerity; the whole of the inhabitants of Manchester cried, "From plague, pestilence, and famine, Good Lord, deliver us."

For a moment the sound of the voice of supplication floated through the long aisles of the church, and then gradually died away. The congregation lay prostrate on the earth, and deep and audible sobs burst from many a fair bosom and many a manly heart. Again and again did the broken-hearted and fear-stricken people murmur, "From plague, pestilence, and famine, Good Lord, deliver us;" and deep and woeful sobs burst from them as they continued prostrate in the dust.

Once again did the minister utter the supplication, and again burst from the people the response: again all became silent, and nought was heard, save stifled sobs and groans.

At this moment, when every eye was bent on the earth, a voice that made the church re-echo exclaimed, "Why do ye thus, sinful and perverse generation; why do ye thus humble yourselves before Baal? Have not I, Aminadab Armitage, proclaimed unto ye, that unless ye put away the evil ones which are amongst ye, surely shall ye perish in your ungodliness?"

The congregation sprung from the ground in terror and alarm, and gazed wildly on the personage who thus denounced upon them the vengeance of Heaven. Aminadab Armitage stood in the centre of the church, exactly opposite the pulpit; he was a tall, but dreadfully emaciated figure, clothed in a suit of rusty black, cut in the most primitive fashion; on his head was a large steeple hat, beneath which flowed his long, lank, black hair; under his chin was fastened what seemed a resemblance to the bands worn by the clergymen of the Church of England, and by his side was girded a long and heavy sword; his eyes rolled with all the wildness of insanity, and with clenched hands he stood pausing, to mark the impression his words had made on the inhabitants of Manchester. These latter recognised in Aminadab Armitage one of those Puritans who, even at the time of the plague of Manchester, existed in considerable numbers. Aminadab had long striven to turn the people from what he called their evil ways, but his endeavours had been treated with ridicule and contempt, and he had been exposed to considerable persecution on account of his religious tenets. This, operating on a brain by no means of the first order, had produced a kind of insanity, by reason of which he fancied himself a prophet sent by God, to denounce the vengeance of Heaven upon the inhabitants of Manchester for their sins and wickednesses.

Such was the person who, standing on one of the benches before mentioned, again prepared to address the congregation. "Have I not," continued he, "proclaimed unto ye, O inhabitants of Manchester, that unless ye repented and turned from the evil of your ways, ye should become as the cities of the Plain, yea, even as Sodom and Gomorrah, whom the Lord destroyed for their sins? And, lo! hath not the Lord sent amongst ye a grievous plague, which doth now afflict ye unto death? And surely will he cut off all ye who have sinned against him, and persecuted the prophet whom he sent to warn ye; even I, Aminadab Armitage, whom the Lord hath chosen to be the minister of his will."

At these words, even in the house of God, a loud laugh burst from one of the congregation, and a voice cried,—"Tush, thou most egregious ass; have I not known thee from childhood? and hast thou not always been a fool? Why, not even thine own mother could make thee distinguish thy right hand from thy left! Beshrew me, if thou dost not instantly depart, I will surely do thee some bodily harm."

The person from whom these words proceeded was a stout fat butcher, with even at this time a ruddy, healthy, and good-humoured countenance; his large hand was clasped, and, with a threatening look, he was shaking it at Aminadab, when the latter, with an almost frenzied voice, exclaimed,

"The Lord hath chosen me to be his servant, and to proclaim unto the inhabitants of Manchester the punishment of their sins. Lo, he hath revealed unto me that thou, Ralph Pearson, shalt surely die. Hast thou not persecuted the chosen of the Lord? Hath not thine hand been heavy upon his servants? Hath not thy sins cried aloud to Heaven? And hath not the Lord hearkened unto the voice of his prophet, Aminadab Armitage? Lo, thy time is come; the arrows of death have stricken thee, and here, before the high altar of Baal, shalt thou perish. The heavy displeasure of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt die in thy sins. The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly."

The Puritan paused, and fixedly regarded the personage to whom he thus denounced the vengeance of Heaven. The butcher, before the appearance of Aminadab, had been stricken with the plague, and, rapid and destructive in its progress, the scourge of the inhabitants of Manchester now ended the mortal career of Ralph Pearson. Scarcely had he heard the fearful denunciation of the half-witted Puritan, than, giving a fearful groan, he fell on the floor of the church, and instantly expired. With the look and action of a demoniac, Aminadab again raised his sepulchral voice, and exclaimed,—"Lord, thou hast hearkened unto my voice; thou art well pleased with thy servant, and the ungodly has perished in his iniquity!"

The assembled congregation gave a loud and fearful shriek as they beheld the death of Ralph Pearson, and with looks of dismay and terror did they now regard the supposed prophet: what was simply the effect of the plague, they firmly believed to be the immediate vengeance of the Almighty, and they were now disposed to regard Aminadab Armitage as the sole means by which they could avert the dreadful scourge that at present afflicted them.

The warden, who in silence had beheld the scene just depicted, with a feeble and tremulous voice now addressed the Puritan:

"Sinful man," said he, "why camest thou hither to disturb the prayers of the inhabitants of Manchester, or to pollute with thy blasphemies the tabernacle of the Most High? Knowest thou not that the days of prophecy have closed, and that in the Scriptures is contained all that man need know or learn for his soul's salvation? Depart, I charge thee, from amongst us, lest it be that the words thou speakest bring down the displeasure of God upon a broken-hearted and fear-stricken people."

"John Dee," returned the Puritan, "thou art an high-priest of Baal? Hath not thy dealings with the evil one produced this plague; and art not thou he who must die, because of thy transgressions? Lo, I accuse thee of intercourse with Satan; thy knowledge surpasses the knowledge of man, and there is not on earth one who can compete with thee. Surely thine hour is come, and he, even Satan, who gavest thee thy knowledge, must now receive thee for ever and ever. Seize him," continued he, turning to the congregation, "seize him, and hew him to pieces before the Lord. So shall the plague be stayed, and heavy displeasure shall no more rest upon ye."

END OF CHAPTER IV.

The Traveller.

LATE ASCENT TO MONT BLANC.

(Extract of a letter from an English Artist now on the Continent.)

The 25th of July now finds us in the celebrated vale of Chamouny, with the Glaciers and Mont Blanc in view. This latter object, far seen and far famed, gives an interest to whatever relates to it. On our arrival at the inn at Chamouny, we were told that two Englishmen had started yesterday morning, at nine o'clock, to make the perilous journey to the top of the mountain, with nine guides, making in all eleven, and it had first been observed through a telescope in the inn that two had actually reached the summit. All eyes were now on the alert. The glass I got hold of at an upper window; and, after adjusting and shifting it about, observed with minute attention, on the side of the summit, some small black objects, that, by degrees, changed their places, and by a progress very slow but perceptible, appeared advancing upwards. To all the people in the house this was a subject of intense curiosity, and, by turns, each saw and bore witness to the phenomenon. I counted to the number of nine: a party of four were in advance in a group, with one a-head, while others, two and two, lagged considerably behind. As they were proceeding from us, their movement was slow and little perceived; onwards, however, we saw them reach the summit, where, little as they seemed, they were nearly lost in the deep blue sky. Even the last two, lingering, stopping, and resting, approached at last the top, where we could see the others re-appear, as if to receive them. The whole number having thus gained the top of Mont Blanc, the highest point in Europe, perhaps the highest point on earth, the insignificant powers of man have ever enabled him to reach (which, though often attempted, has, it is said, not been reached before above six times—often attended with loss of lives, and only succeeded in once before by an Englishman.) A short half hour seemed to satisfy them with their unwonted elevation, when we saw them begin to descend.

26th,—To-day all was expectation; and at nine o'clock, after forty-nine hours' absence, the two Englishmen, with their nine guides, and a boy who had gone with them for his own pleasure, arrived.

They had, on the 24th, reached the usual resting-place, La Grande Mullee. This is a black ridge of rocks at the head of the Glaciers, by the side of which they ascended, and which they had much fatigue and risk in crossing to obtain. At the Grande Mullee they stopped for the night under a tent, which they took with them, in which, with blankets, &c. they were warm and comfortable, disturbed only by the noise of avalanches falling all around them. On the 25th, at day-break, they proceeded up a valley of snow, then took a new route, by which they escaped the dangers which had destroyed those men who had made a similar attempt before. As they got towards the top, their fatigue and weakness became extreme; their pulses beat high; some were seized with head-ache, spitting of blood, and bleeding at the nose; others with loss of appetite, and one even with vomiting; all breathed with difficulty, and required frequent rests. Mr. Hawes, who is a stout little fellow, of twenty years, was the only one nearly exempted from these symptoms. On the top the air was cold beyond belief; but the view seemed to comprehend every thing; they appeared high above every object: saw on one side the Lake of Geneva, Neufchatel, and the Jura Mountains; but the clearest and most beautiful was on the side of Savoy and Italy: the Appenines, the Mediterranean, and France, known to be in sight from Mont Blanc, were not then visible.

At three o'clock they began to descend; a matter of facility, compared with the ascent. At six they gained their resting-place on the Grande Mullee. They here remained for the night, which was wet and cold; and the noise of the avalanches, always most frequent in rain, had much the effect of continued thunder. This morning they had again to cross the glaciers; to facilitate which, they were tied, two or three together, in a chain of ropes, to secure them in crossing the deep crevices between the ice; and the danger being thus past, they reached Chamouny to breakfast, having finished the journey without loss, without hurt, and apparently without over fatigue; but which they said they would never advise any one again to attempt. Every circumstance was favourable, but they thought neither the view nor the fame could at all compensate for the danger and pain of their undertaking.

Natural History.

PORTUGUESE MAN OF WAR.

There is a description of the beautiful and extraordinary insect known by this name in the last number of the *North American Review*, derived from a memoir of Dr. Tilesius, who accompanied M. de Krusenstern in his voyage round the world. "This worm, between six and eight inches in length, has seemingly the skill of an experienced navigator, and is in itself a little ship. Its evolutions are according to the winds; it raises and lowers its sail, which is a membrane provided with elevating and depressing organs. When filled with air it is so light that it swims on the surface of alcohol, and is, at the same time, provided with a structure which furnishes it with the necessary ballast. When high winds would endanger its existence it descends into the deep. From the under side of the body proceed tubes which extend twenty feet in length, and are so elastic and delicate that they wind in a spiral form like a screw, serving at once as anchors, defensive and offensive weapons, pucunnatic tubes and feelers. The insect has the colours of the rainbow. Its crest, which performs the office of a sail, is intersected with pink and blue veins, trimmed with a rosy border, and swells with the winds, or at the animal's pleasure. The fibres contain a viscous matter, which has the property of stinging like nettles, and produces pustules. It acts so strongly that vessels in which they have been kept for a time, must be repeatedly washed before they can be used. These fibres may be cut off without depriving them or the rest of the insect of the principle of life; and the separation takes place spontaneously, whenever the glutinous matter comes in contact with a hard surface, like the sides of a glass globe. The insect has, however, dangerous enemies in small dolphins and medeses, against which neither its nautical skill nor its poison can defend it."

We have copied the preceding from the *Atlas*, from which we also transcribe the following original communication on the same subject, addressed to the editor of that journal:

"SIR,—In your paper of the 19th instant, in your column of 'Gleanings,' and the sixth paragraph, you give, as an extract from an American Review, a partial description of an animal belonging to the class vermes of the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus. May it not prove equally acceptable to those you term common readers to have further details of this subject of natural history from authority of recent date, and from one not a mere superficial observer of the beauties of nature?

"The animal alluded to belongs to the second order the class above named: it is of the genus holothuria, and species physalis; and must be pretty well known to every observer of nature who has crossed the Atlantic Ocean. This attractive little sailor we have often seen and admired in our ship's course; and particularly in latitude 9° 2′ N. and 23° 31′ W. longitude, several were taken up for closer examination, and the following notes were made at the moment.

"The body is eliptically ovate, gently arched, and forming a curve, the greatest depth of which is an inch and a half, and the width or span, from one extremity to the other, four inches; the sides are convex, one side more produced than the other; the dorsal curve is of a bright orange red, with numerous nerves or short radii of the same colour diverging from it. When the body is inflated it is diaphonous; the two attenuate extremities of the curve are of a rich purple, and from the anterior, or what may be considered the head, proceed numerous cirrii, or spiral tentacula of unequal lengths, from one to thirty inches or more: some of these are white, but much the greater number are of the same beautiful purple above mentioned, and all pendent from the under surface of the body. These appendages, by which the animal discriminates the sustenance on which it feeds, are in incessant action, contracting and extending their spiral threads to unknown depths. The white tentacula already noticed terminate in a circular concave sucker: four of the number are broader than the rest, and appear as if formed to enable the animal to attach itself to substances it may come in contact with. Two or three of these Portuguese men of war were kept in a bucket of sea-water during one whole day, without losing the transparency of the body or the beauty of its colours.

"It was observed that when the surface of the sea was smooth, and the ship made but little way through the water, that these little sailors were each followed by two or three small fishes, from two to five inches in length, and not unlike the pilot fish, so famed as the shark's precursor: these differ, however, in the greater length of their pectoral fins, and the caudal fin being deeply forked.

"*Greenwich, Aug.* 20, 1827." "A SUBSCRIBER.

Poetry.

LOVE.

" Love—we paint him as a child,
When he should sit a giant on his clouds,
The great disturbing spirit of the world!"—*Croly.*

No! paint no more in sportive form
The giant ruler of the storm!
Paint him no more with roses crowned,
But with the deadly nightshade bound;
The tear upon his wasted cheek
The tale of agony to speak,
And hectic with its fitful ray
That seeks to beautify decay!
Paint him where cypress sheds its gloom,
A shadow hastening to the tomb;
With Pity, weeping by his side,
And Hope, the heart's betraying guide.
Or paint him on the blasted plain,
Or on the storm-resounding main;
Or captive 'mid a host of foes,
But never, never in repose;
For Love, the living and the true,
Ne'er yet the lot propitious drew;
A lonely wanderer doom'd of Fate,
Or ne'er confest, or own'd too late.

Liverpool. G.

TO ZILLAH, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

" Thrice has the earth fulfilled her ring
Since first my love I gave to thee,
And every year but serves to bring
A cause for deeper constancy."—*F. D. Astley.*

Time's never varying wing hath brought
Another year in joyous pleasure,
Yet, love, in me no change is wrought
To win my soul from her dear treasure.
Youths' visions still are floating round me,
And thy deep magic yet hath bound me,
And still I find thou art more dear
Than thou wert any former year.
Though time can heart from heart estrange,
In mine it cannot work a change,
But only leaves a deeper trace,
Which nought but death can e'er erase.
I have seen beauty, with an eye
Might shake the firmest constancy;
A sunny smile, a brilliant brow,
A cheek with beauty's holiest glow;
Charms to which kings might bend the knee;
But never saw I one like thee!
Thou art the star whose rays hath shed
A hallowing calmness o'er my soul,
When every hope was withered,
And I had drained Grief's bitter bowl.

Thou art the same, so pure and warm,
That won my heart in early youth;
Excell'd by nought in grace and form,
And equall'd only by thy truth.
Time speeds, but yet he hath not cast
One shadow o'er thee as he pass'd;
And years may pass, and link a chain,
That only death shall burst in twain.

Manchester, August 14, 1827. W. R——N.

TO *——*——.

Who had marked, in a newspaper sent me, the conclusion of some verses, which was as follows:

" Ah! think not thou, dear friend, to find,
One rose without a thorn."

Was it in sad or playful mood,
*****! that thou these lines didst trace?
Would that beside thee I had stood,
To read their meaning in thy face.

It could not be that I, whose brow,
Though yet in manhood's early stage,
Doth, as thou knowest, deeply show
The furrows of a riper age;

I, whom not seldom thou hast found
With sadness o'er my features stealing,—
Even when thy thrilling laugh sent round
The tide of rich, delightful feeling;

I, whose heart's bitterness is not
Some bubbling, fitful, noisy thing—
Soon born, and soon to be forgot,—
But a deep, full, perennial spring;

Which, from its depths but sorrow bringing;
One course shall keep until it be
Changed to a well of water, springing
Up into immortality.

*****! I say thou couldst not deem
That *I*, thus disciplined, am one,
Of perfect bliss on earth to dream,—
A thornless rose beneath the sun!

Did'st mean, then, by these lines that *thou*,
Whose looks, words, motions, tones, were wont
To seem the constant overflow
From a glad heart's unfailing fount?—

Didst mean that thou, from the fresh wreck
Of some long-cherished hope most dear,
Hast learned how vain it is to seek
For one unmingled pleasure here?

Dear moralist! if such, indeed,
The feelings, thoughts, that thou would'st speak;
If thou hast leaned upon a reed,
And found that reeds are frail, and break:

Not, *****! in the worldling's strain,
Would I, whom thou hast called thy friend,
Tell thee some fragile prop again
To try;—I would not bid thee bend.

Thy steps, where fools their moments spend,
Seeking what none shall ever find,
In earth-born joys, that earthward tend,—
Peace—peace for the immortal mind!

No: though *I* be a groveller here,
Ambition's slave, and mammon's tool,
Hugging the galling chains I wear,
While my soul hates them, spell-bound fool!

Yet, as thy friend, I counsel thee:—
Give thy thoughts room; oh, let them leave
This scene of ceaseless vanity,
And mount where hope can ne'er deceive:

For hope is needless and unknown,
Where bliss, in one " eternal now,"
Fills the whole presence of the throne,
And all the hosts that round it bow.

August 19, 1827. H.

LE LEVER DU SOLEIL ET LA NUIT.

Au retour du matin, quand le ciel se colore,
Vous dormez: moi, j'assiste au réveil de l'Aurore.
Je sors; j'entens déjà les coqs dans le lointain
Saluer de leurs cris le retour du matin.
Mille petits oiseaux épars sous la feuillée
Appellent en chantant leur famille éveillée.
Les chiens jappent, les bœufs mugissent, les chevaux
De leurs hénissemens font bruire les côteaux,
Et de cent mille voix la confuse harmonie
Atteste le réveil de la terre endormie.
Quel tableau ravissant s'offre alors à mes yeux!
Quel peintre imiterait ce mouvement des cieux,
Ce jour, d'abord douteux, qui s'accroit, se colore,
Qui fait qu'on apperçoit sans distinguer encore,
Qui répand par degrès la forme, les couleurs,
Rougit l'azur des cieux, repeint l'émail des fleurs,
Et déroule en marchant sa robe de lumière
Sur les monts, les vallons, et la nature entière.
Quel spectacle! et quel trouble amollit tous mes sens,
Quand, surprenant l'Aurore et ses charmes naissans,
Je m'égare à pas lents sous les voutes mi-sombres
De ces bois mélangés de lumières et d'ombres!
J'erre, un livre à la main, mon chien à mon côté,
Mon chien, mon vieil ami, le seul qui m'est resté!
J'admire ce matin frais, rayonnant, superbe:
Tout brille: un diamant pend à chaque brin d'herbe.
Dans les airs, sous les eaux, sur les monts, dans les bois
Tout vit, parle, se meut, se ranime à la fois,
Et la nature attend dans son habit de fête
Le Dieu resplendissant dont le réveil s'apprête.
Il paraît....Mais je vois que vous n'écoutez pas:
Quoi, d'un tableau si frais seriez-vous déjà las!
Aimez-vous mieux me suivre aux rives des fontaines,
Languissamment couché sous l'ombrage des chênes,
Lorsque du haut des cieux, le soleil irrité
Répand sur les moissons les feux de l'été,
Ou sur un lit de mousse, en une grotte obscure,
Tantôt dormant au bruit d'une onde qui murmure,
Tantôt rêvant, les yeux fixés sur son crystal,
Ou mariant aux sons d'un air sentimental
Quelques vers négligés que ma muse champêtre
Ecrit en se jouant sur l'écorce d'un hêtre.

C'est ainsi, cher Cléon, que s'écoule un beau jour.
Il finit: l'heure avance, et la nuit de retour
Epand sur l'univers ses charmes invisibles,
Moment délicieux pour les ames sensibles!
Déjà sur l'horizon plane au loin le repos,
L'ombre poursuit le jour au sommet des côteaux;
J'y monte; je m'assieds; je contemple; je pense,
Et de la vaste nuit j'écoute le silence.
Le bruit du jour se tait: les plaines et les bois
N'ont plus de mouvement, de couleur, ni de voix,
Et sans l'eau qui frémit, et le vent qui murmure,
A peine entendrait-on respirer la nature.
Dans ce calme profond les plus légers accens
Parviennent à mon ame aussitôt qu'à mes sens.
Un son, tant loin soit-il, enchante mon oreille;
Tantôt c'est la chanson du rossignol qui veille,
Tantôt le chien qui jappe aux portes du hameau,
Ou le bruit frais de l'eau qui tombe du côteau;
Tantôt le vent m'apporte à travers le silence
D'un moulin éloigné la nocturne cadence,
Ou le cri du passant dans sa route égaré;
Ou bien, du haut des tours d'un cloître retiré,
J'entens dans le lointain les cloches réunies
Répandre dans les airs leurs saintes harmonies:
Leur son mélancolique amène au fond du cœur
La paix, les souvenirs, je ne sais quel bonheur,
Vague, inquiet, mêlé de joie et de tristesse.
Il semble autour de nous que le passé renaisse:
L'enfance, le vieux tems, notre premier amour,
Tous ces pensers furtifs que distrairait le jour
Peuplent l'obscurité de leurs douces chimères;
Et comme un barde antique assis sur les bruyères,
Quand la lune a percé la profondeur des nuits,
Je chante, environné de fantômes chèris,
Et tous ceux que j'aimais, dont j'aime encore la cendre,
Semblent du haut des cieux se pencher pour m'entendre.

Miscellanies.

CHARACTER AND POLICY OF THE PRESENT RULER OF EGYPT, MAHOMMED ALI PACHA.

For some years past the Pacha of Egypt has become an object of much interest in England and throughout Europe, both in a political and a commercial light. His spirit and enterprise, his adoption and patronage of European arts and manufactures, and especially his presumed design of throwing off the yoke of the Grand Signor, have conspired to render the present Pacha an object of such prominence at this moment, that any authentic notice of him or his movements must be acceptable to our readers. The following brief sketch is from the *Sphynx*, of August 26.

One of the principal topics of discussion during the past week has been the real or supposed declaration of independence by the Pacha of Egypt. It was first asserted by the *Times* of Monday last as an undoubted fact, and one of the highest importance to the interests of freedom. The facts of the case, we believe, however, to be simply these: it is known to all who are even tolerably acquainted with the history of the present ruler of Egypt, that he originally obtained his situation by an act of treachery, in the cold-blooded murder of the Mameluke Beys, who were massacred when unsuspectingly enjoying his professed hospitality, and receiving his assurances of attachment and fidelity; and that from the first hour on which he thus emerged from the blood of his victims to take his seat on the musnud of Egypt, he *has been* actually as independent of the Grand Signor at Constantinople, as he himself could possibly desire. Receiving no countenance from the Sultan for his bloody and treacherous murder of the Beys, and apprehending from the first, an expedition from the Porte to remove him from the Government he had usurped, his whole resources were at once directed to the fortifying his maritime ports; to ensuring the attachment of his soldiery by unbounded liberality; and, by the appointment of his own sons and favourites to the Government of the provinces, to seating himself as firmly as possible in his newly-acquired power.

It is now at least fifteen years since he felt himself sufficiently secure to declare, without scruple, not merely to the British Consul, but to all the Europeans in the country, that he considered himself actually independent of the Porte; that he paid no tribute, beyond the complimentary interchange of presents, in which he conceived himself to be the greatest receiver; that he should make common cause with Turkey only in such cases as might promise him especial advantage; but that in any contest in which Turkey might engage with the powers of Europe, he should remain neutral, or act in such other manner as the interests of Egypt alone might dictate.

These declarations were matter of common notoriety to all persons visiting his country; and were repeated not merely from mouth to mouth among the European residents there, but by the Pacha himself to travellers visiting him, with whom he was always extremely communicative. And the whole course of his subsequent history has shown that in these declarations he was sincere. He has undertaken wars of conquest as a sovereign prince, by expeditions into Nubia as far as the borders of Abyssinia, and by campaigns in Arabia and along the shores of the Red Sea, as far as the Indian Ocean; the whole of the ports on the eastern coast of that sea, from Suez to Mocha, being garrisoned by his troops, and belonging not to the Sultan of Turkey, as Bagdad and Bussorah on the Persian Gulf, but to the Pacha of Egypt alone. He directs the whole internal government of his own territories, in matters of trade, revenue, taxes, force, and even regulates all his external or foreign relations, without reference to the Grand Signor, or any other superior authority. He carries on an extensive commerce with France and England, and appoints his own agents in each country; he buys and builds his ships of war in India, and at the arsenals of the Mediterranean; mans and equips them in foreign ports, and sends them on his own warlike expeditions; without the slightest control of the Porte or its officers; he coins his own money—regulates his own scale of commercial duties—raises his own troops—appoints his own admirals and generals; and is, in fact, in the exercise of every sovereign function, as independent a prince or ruler as any potentate that can be named.

With all this he is wise enough to make no open or formal declaration of his sovereignty, and to avoid any abrupt or angry separation of himself from the Sultan at the Sublime Porte. The reason is obvious. There is a universal feeling throughout every part of what is called the Turkish empire, in favour of the supremacy of the Grand Signor, who, like our own sovereign, is at once the head of the state and the church. With Mahommedans, the feeling of respect for this latter character is much stronger than with Protestant churches; it more nearly resembles the feeling which the Catholic zealots have towards the supremacy of the Pope. A formal declaration of separation from the supreme head, by any Pacha or Viceroy of Turkey, would be regarded, therefore, by all the orthodox among the Mahommedans, as something like a violation offered to the faith, as an approach towards the embracing of infidelity; and would, on that ground alone, excite extreme discontent, without adding one iota to the real power of the Pacha making such a declaration. Mahommed Ali has continued, therefore, for these fifteen years past, to receive the firmans of the Grand Signor with every possible demonstration of outward respect; raising them to his forehead, and exclaiming in the presence of the Divan, "Upon my head be the execution of the Sultan's wishes;" or, "May it please God to fulfil the Sultan's decrees,"—both himself and his courtiers, however, piously believing that it will please God to fulfil such parts of them only as are agreeable to the Pacha, and no more, for which the best reasons of justification are always at hand.

It is notorious that the efforts made by the Pacha of Egypt to conquer the Greeks, were stimulated by the hopes of adding the Morea, and, perhaps, the islands of the Archipelago to his vice-royalty; and that his son Ibrahim, the same who overrun the sea coast of Arabia for his father, was to have the dominion of so much of Greece as he could subdue for himself; besides which, the fanaticism of his Mahommedan followers would make them doubly zealous in their exertions to resubjugate a people who were not merely rebels (for mere rebellion is in no disesteem in Turkey) but also infidels, dogs, and eaters of swine's flesh, an abomination greater in their eyes than any thing of which we can form a conception, and far beneath the notions we entertain of a cannibal or a savage of the lowest kind.

Under all these circumstances, considering that Mahommed Ali Pacha has already for many years enjoyed all the actual benefits of an independent sovereignty; that his nominal separation from the Porte could not make him more independent than he really is already; while, from its liability to be construed, by his orthodox and bigoted subjects and soldiers, into a defection from the faith, and a going over to the cause of the infidels, it might endanger the very existence of the power he now so securely enjoys—we think it highly improbable that he should have made any more open or formal declarations of his independence than those already adverted to by us as well known fifteen years ago.

ROMANTIC AND MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

A True Statement.

On the morning of the 4th of last month, two carriages were seen driving with great rapidity towards the beach of Kingstown Bay, Dublin, where there lies moored a convict ship. The first was an open carriage, and from the elegance of its appointments, belonged to a person of rank. The travellers in this carriage were an elderly gentleman and a lady, who, from her age and other circumstances, appeared to be his wife, and both seemed to lavish the most assiduous attentions on a young and lovely female, who sat beside them, holding an infant to her breast, her head reclining on the bosom of the lady, and one of her hands clasped fondly by the old man, all apparently buried in profound grief. The second carriage, which contained two persons, was surrounded by a military party. One of these persons was a young and handsome man, attired in the convict dress, and the other was presumed to be a prison officer. The former appeared to be of the better order of the peasantry, and exhibited in his manner a mind extremely agitated, while his eyes were strained towards the foremost carriage, and his looks appeared to rest entirely on the young female who sat fronting him within it. As the carriage approached the beach, a boat put off from the convict-ship and reached the shore as they arrived. The travellers in the carriages were conveyed to the ship, from whence, some time after, the old gentleman and his supposed wife returned, much oppressed with grief, and ever and anon looking back to the ship to catch a last glimpse of their young companion, who remained on board with the infant. They almost immediately drove off in their carriage, leaving all the elderly tabbies of the good town of Kingstown quite in a quandary as to the extraordinary scene they had witnessed. Subsequent inquiries, however, have discovered a solution to the affair by no means improbable to be the truth. It appears that the lady is Miss ——, from the south of Ireland—that she yielded to the secret impulses of her heart, and without the father's knowledge, married a young tenant on his estate. Her husband, in the meantime, had become involved in the treasonable conspiracies which have kept the southern province of Ireland in a state of disturbance, and was visited with the sentence of the law. The extent of his criminality precluded the possibility of pardon, and the affection of his wife would not permit her to remain behind, when the partner of her heart was doomed to perpetual banishment from his country. The elderly couple were of course the parents of the lady, and they had good cause for grief at parting for ever with their only child, whom they loved with all imaginable fondness, and whose loss they may be supposed to deplore with a grief proportionably severe.—*Dublin paper.*

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

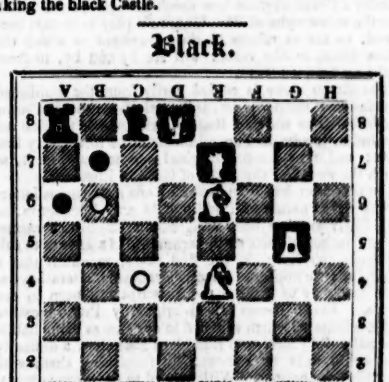
SOLUTION TO STUDY CLIV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Bishop .....D—4X	1 Castle .....G—7
2 Knight .....C—3	2 Pawn .....A—5
3 Knight.....E—2	3 Pawn .....A—4
4 Knight.....G—3	4 Pawn .....A—3
5 Knight ..... F—5	5 Pawn .....D—5
6 Castle .....C—2	6 Pawn .....A—2
7 Bishop ....C—3	7 Pawn .....D—4
8 Castle .....H—2X	8 Castle.....H—7
9 Pawn .....G—7X MATE.	

STUDY CLV.

White to win with a pawn in nine moves, without a king the black Castle.

Black.



WHITE.

Tide Table.

Days.	*Morn.* h. m.	*Morn.* h. m.	*Even.* h. m.	*Even.* h. m.	*Height.* ft.	*Height.* in.	*Festivals, &c.*
Tuesday ..	4	10	0	10	25	10	11 [evening.
Wednesday	5	10	48	11	10	18	5 Full Moon, 2h. 23m. in the
Thursday..	6	11	31	11	52	19	4
Friday	7	——		0	11	19	5 Enurchus.
Saturday..	8	0	30	0	49	19	1 Nativity of B. V. Mary.
Sunday....	9	1	7	1	27	18	0 13th Sunday after Trinity.
Monday ..	10	1	45	2	4	16	7
Tuesday ..	11	2	24	2	43	14	11

The Drama.

THE ROVERS;

OR, THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

(Concluded from page 57.)

We have received, in the course of the last week, several long, and to say the truth, dull letters, from unknown hands, reflecting, in very severe terms, on Mr. Higgins, for having, as it is affirmed, attempted to pass upon the world, as a faithful sample of the productions of the German theatre, a performance no way resembling any of those pieces which have of late excited, and which bid fair to engross, the admiration of the British public.

As we cannot but consider ourselves as the guardians of Mr. Higgins's literary reputation in respect to every work of his which is conveyed to the world through

the medium of our paper, (though, what we think of the danger of his principles, we have already sufficiently explained for ourselves, and have, we trust, succeeded in putting our readers upon their guard against them)—we hold ourselves bound not only to justify the fidelity of the imitation, but (contrary to our original intention) to give a further specimen of it in our present number, in order to bring the question more fairly to issue between our author and his calumniators.

In the first place, we are to observe, that Mr. Higgins professes to have taken his notion of German plays wholly from the translations which have appeared in our language. If *they* are totally dissimilar from the originals, Mr. H. may, undoubtedly, have been led into error; but the fault is in the translators, not in him. That he does not differ widely from the models which he proposed to himself, we have it in our power to prove satisfactorily; and might have done so in our last number, by subjoining to each particular passage of his play, the scene in some one or other of the German plays which he had in view when he wrote it. These parallel passages were faithfully pointed out to us by Mr. H. with that candour which marks his character; and if they were suppressed by us, (as in truth they were,) on our heads be the blame, whatever it may be. Little, indeed, did we think of the imputation which the omission would bring upon Mr. H.; as, in fact, our principal reason for it was, the apprehension that, from the extreme closeness of the imitation, in most instances, he would lose in praise for invention, more than he would gain in credit for fidelity.

The meeting between Matilda and Cecilia, for example, in the first act of the *Rovers*, and their sudden intimacy, has been censured as unnatural. Be it so. It is taken, *almost word for word*, from *Stella*, a German (or professedly a German) piece now much in vogue; from which also the catastrophe of Mr. Higgins's play is in part borrowed, so far as relates to the agreement to which the ladies come, as the reader will see by and by, to share Casimere between them.

The dinner scene is copied partly from the published translation of the *Stranger*, and partly from the first scene of *Stella*. The song of Rogero, with which the first act concludes, is admitted on all hands to be in the very first taste; and if no German original is to be found for it, so much the worse for the credit of German literature.

An objection has been made by one anonymous letter-writer to the names of Puddingfield and Beefington, as little likely to have been assigned to English characters by any author of taste or discernment. In answer to this objection, we have, in the first place, to admit that a small, and we hope not an unwarrantable, alteration has been made by us since the manuscript has been in our hands. These names stood originally Puddingcrantz and Beefinstern, which sounded to our ears as being liable, especially the latter, to a ridiculous inflection, a difficulty that could only be removed by furnishing them with English terminations. With regard to the more substantial syllables of the names, our author proceeded in all probability on the authority of Goldoni, who, though not a German, is an Italian writer of considerable reputation; and who, having heard that the English were distinguished for their love of liberty and beef, has judiciously compounded the two words *Runneymede* and *beef*, and thereby produced an English nobleman, whom he styles *Lord Runnybeef*.

To dwell no longer on particular passages—the best way, perhaps, of explaining the whole scope and view of Mr. H.'s imitation, will be to transcribe the short sketch of the plot, which that gentleman transmitted to us; together with his Drama, and which it is, perhaps, the more necessary to give at length, as the limits of our paper not allowing of the publication of the whole piece, some general knowledge of its main design may be acceptable to our readers, in order to enable them to judge of the several extracts which we lay before them.

PLOT.

Rogero, son of the late Minister of the Count of Saxe Weimar, having, while he was at College, fallen desperately in love with Matilda Pottingen, daughter of his tutor, Doctor Engelburtus Pottingen, Professor of Civil Law; and Matilda evidently returning his passion, the Doctor, to prevent ill consequences, sends his daughter on a visit to her aunt, in Wetteravia, where she becomes acquainted with Casimere, a Polish officer, who happens to be quartered near her aunt's, and has several children by him.

Roderic, Count of Saxe Weimar, a Prince of a tyrannical and licentious disposition, has for his Prime Minister and favourite Gaspar, a crafty villain, who had risen to his post by first ruining, and then putting to death, Rogero's father. Gaspar, apprehensive of the power and popularity which the young Rogero may enjoy at his return to Court, seizes the occasion of his intrigue with Matilda, (of which he is apprized officially by Doctor Pottingen) to procure from his Master an order for the recal of Rogero from College, and for committing him to the care of the Prior of the Abbey of Quedlinburgh,—a priest, rapacious, savage, and sensual, and devoted to Gaspar's interests—sending at the same time private orders to the Prior to confine him in a dungeon.

Here Rogero languishes many years. His daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of a cavern, by the landlady of the Golden Eagle at Weimar, with whom Gaspar contracts, in the Prince's name, for his support; intending, and more than once endeavouring, to corrupt the waiter to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of Rogero for ever.

In the meantime Casimere, having been called away from the neighbourhood of Matilda's residence to other quarters, becomes enamoured of, and marries Cecilia, by whom he has a family; and whom he likewise deserts after a few years cohabitation, on pretence of business which calls him to Kamtschatka.

Doctor Pottingen, now grown old and infirm, and feeling the want of his daughter's society, sends young Pottingen in search of her, with strict injunctions not to return without her; and to bring with her either her present lover Casimere, or should that not be possible, Rogero himself, if he can find him; the Doctor having set his heart upon seeing his children comfortably settled before his death. Matilda about the same period quits her aunt's in search of Casimere; and Cecilia, having been advertised (by an anonymous letter) of the falsehood of his Kamtschatka journey, sets out in a post-waggon on a similar pursuit.

It is at this point of time the play opens—with the accidental meeting of Cecilia and Matilda at the inn at Weimar. Casimere arrives there soon after, and falls in first with Matilda, and then with Cecilia. Successive *eclaircissements* take place, and an arrangement is finally made, by which the two ladies are to live jointly with Casimere.

Young Pottingen, wearied with a few weeks' search, during which he has not been able to find either of the objects of it, resolves to stop at Weimar, and wait events there. It so happens that he takes up his lodging in the same house with Puddincrantz and Beefinstern, two English noblemen, whom the tyranny of King John has obliged to fly from their country; and who, after wandering about the Continent for some time, have fixed their residence at Weimar.

The news of the signature of Magna Charta arriving, determines Puddincrantz and Beefinstern to return to England. Young Pottingen opens his case to them, and entreats them to stay to assist him in the object of his search. This they refuse; but coming to the inn where they are to set off for Hamburgh, they meet Casimere, from whom they had both received many civilities in Poland.

Casimere, by this time, tired of his "Double Arrangement," and having learnt from the waiter that Rogero is confined in the vaults of the neighbouring abbey, *for love*, resolves to attempt his rescue, and to make over Matilda to him as the price of his deliverance. He communicates his scheme to Puddingfield and Beefington, who agree to assist him; as also does young Pottingen. The waiter of the inn proving to be a *Knight Templar*, in disguise, is appointed leader of the expedition. A band of troubadours, who happen to be returning from the crusades, and a company of Austrian and Prussian grenadiers returning from the seven years' war, are engaged as troops.

The attack on the abbey is made with success. The Count of Weimer and Gaspar, who are feasting with the prior, are seized and beheaded in the refectory. The prior is thrown into the dungeon, from which Rogero is rescued. Matilda and Cecilia rush in. The former recognises Rogero, and agrees to live with him. The children are produced on all sides, and young Pottingen is commissioned to write to his father, the Doctor, to detail the joyful events which have taken place, and to invite him to Weimar to partake of the general felicity.

ACT II—SCENE I.

A room in an ordinary lodging-house at WEIMAR.—PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON *discovered sitting at a small deal table, and playing at All-Fours. Young* POTTINGEN *at another table in the corner of the room, with a pipe in his mouth, and a Saxon mug of a singular shape beside him, which he repeatedly applies to his lips, turning back his head, and casting his eyes towards the firmament—at the last trial he holds the mug for some moments in a directly inverted position; then replaces it on the table, with an air of dejection, and gradually sinks into a profound slumber.—The pipe falls from his hand, and is broken.*

Beef.—I beg.

Pudd.—[*Deals three Cards to Beefington.*]—Are you satisfied?

Beef.—Enough. What have you?

Pudd.—High—low—and the game.

Beef.—Damnation! 'tis my deal. [*Deal, turns up a knave.*—One for his heels! [*Triumphantly.*

Pudd.—Is king highest?

Beef.—No.—[*Sternly.*]—The game is mine. The knave gives it me.

Pudd.—Are knaves so prosperous?

Beef.—Ay, marry, are they in this world. They have the game in their hands. Your kings are but *noddies** to them.

Pudd.—Ha! ha! ha!—Still the same proud spirit, Beefington, which procured thee thine exile from England.

Beef.—England! my native land!—when shall I revisit thee?

[*during this time Puddingfield deals, and begins to arrange his hand.*

Beef.—[*continues*] Pooh—Hang All-Fours; what are they to a mind ill at ease?—Can they cure the heart-ache?—Can they soothe banishment?—Can they lighten ignominy?—Can All-Fours do this?—O! my Puddingfield, thy limber and lightsome spirit bounds up against affliction, with the elasticity of a well-bent bow; but mine—O! mine—

[*falls into an agony, and sinks back in his chair.—Young* POTTINGEN, *awakened by the noise, rises and advances, with a grave demeanour towards Beefington and Puddingfield. The former begins to recover.*

Y. Pot.—What is the matter, comrades?†—you seem agitated. Have you lost or won?

Beef.—Lost. I have lost my country.

Y. Pot.—And I my sister. I came hither in search of her.

Beef.—O, England!

Y. Pot.—O, Matilda!

Beef.—Exiled by the tyranny of an Usurper, I seek the means of revenge, and of restoration to my country.

Y. Pot.—Oppressed by the tyranny of an Abbot, persecuted by the jealousy of a Count, the betrothed husband of my sister languishes in a loathsome captivity—her lover is fled no one knows whither—and I, her brother, am torn from my paternal roof and from my studies in chirurgery; to seek him and her, I know not where—to rescue Rogero, I know not how. Comrades, your counsel—my search fruitless—my money gone—my baggage stolen! What am I to do?—In yonder abbey—in those dark, dank vaults, there, my friends—there lies Rogero—there Matilda's heart.

SCENE II.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter.—Sir, here is a person who desires to speak with you.

Beef.—[*Goes to the door, and returns with a letter, which he opens; on perusing it his countenance becomes illuminated, and expands prodigiously.*] Ha, my friend, what joy! [*turning to Puddingfield.*

Pudd.—What? tell me—let your Puddingfield partake it.

Beef.—See here— [*produces a printed paper.*

Pudd.—What?— [*with impatience.*

Beef.—[*in a significant tone*] A newspaper!

Pudd.—Ha, what sayst thou?—A newspaper!

Beef.—Yes, Puddingfield, and see here [*shows it partially*] from England,

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* This is an excellent joke in German; the point and spirit of which is but ill-rendered in a translation. A *Noddy*, the reader will observe, has two significations—the one a *knave at All-Fours*; the other a *fool or booby*. See the translation by Mr. Render, of Count Benyowsky; or the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka, a German Tragi Comi-Comi-Tragedy;—where the play opens with a scene of a Game at Chess (from which the whole of this scene is copied) and a joke of the same point and merriment, about Pawns, that is, Boors, being a *match for* Kings.

† This word in the original is, strictly, *fellow-lodgers*: "Co-occupants of the same room, in a house let out at a small rent by the week."—There is no single word in English which expresses so complicated a relation, except, perhaps, the cant term of *chum*, formerly in use at our Universities.

Pudd.—[*with extreme earnestness.*] Its name.

Beef.—The *Daily Advertiser*—

Pudd.—O, ecstasy!

Beef.—[*with a dignified severity*] Puddingfield, calm yourself—repress those transports—remember that you are a man.

Pudd.—[*after a pause with suppressed emotion*] Well, I will be—I am calm—yet, tell me, Beefington, does it contain any news?

Beef.—Glorious news, my dear Puddingfield—the Barons are victorious—King John has been defeated—Magna Charta, that venerable immemorial inheritance of Britons, was signed last Friday was three weeks, the third of July, Old Style.

Pudd.—I can scarce believe my ears—but let me satisfy my eyes—show me the paragraph.

Beef.—Here it is, just above the advertisements.

Pudd.—[*reads*] "The great demand for Packwood's Razor Strops"—

Beef.—'Pshaw! what, ever blundering—you drive me from my patience—see here, at the head of the column.

Pudd.—[reads.]

"A hireling print, devoted to the Court,
"Has dared to question our veracity
"Respecting the events of yesterday;
"But by to-day's accounts, our information
"Appears to have been perfectly correct.
"The charter of our liberties received
"The Royal signature at five o'clock,
"When messengers were instantly despatch'd
"To Cardinal Pandulfo; and their Majesties,
"After partaking of a cold collation,
"Return'd to Windsor."—I am satisfied.

Beef. Yet here again—there are some further particulars [*turns to another part of the paper*] "Extract of a letter from Egham—'My dear friend, we are all here in 'high spirits: the interesting event which took place this 'morning at Runnymede, in the neighbourhood of this 'town'—

Pudd.—Ha! Runnymede—enough—no more—my doubts are vanished—then are we free indeed!—

Beef.—I have, besides, a letter in my pocket from our friend, the immortal Bacon, who has been appointed Chancellor. Our outlawry is reversed!—what says my friend—shall we return by the next packet?

Pudd.—Instantly, instantly!

Both.—Liberty!—Adelaide!—revenge!

[*Exeunt—Young Pottingen following, and waving his hat, but obviously without much consciousness of the meaning of what has passed.*

Scene changes to the outside of the Abbey—A Summer's Evening—Moonlight.

Companies of Austrian and Prussian Grenadiers march across the stage, confusedly, as if returning from the seven years' war. Shouts and martial music.

The Abbey gates are opened. The Monks are seen passing in procession, with the Prior at their head. The Choir is heard chanting vespers. After which a pause. Then a Bell is heard, as if ringing for supper. Soon after, a noise of singing and jollity.

Enter from the Abbey, pushed out of the gates by the Porter, a TROUBADOUR, *with a bundle under his cloak, and a* LADY *under his arm.* TROUBADOUR *seems much in liquor, but caresses the* FEMALE MINSTREL.

Fem. Min.—Trust me, Gherolymo, thou seemest melancholy. What hast thou got under thy cloak?

Trou.—'Pshaw! women will be inquiring. Melancholy! not I.—I will sing thee a song, and the subject of it shall be thy question—"what have I got under my cloak?" It is a riddle, Margaret;—I learnt it of an Almanack-maker at Gotha;—if thou guessest it after the first stanza, thou shalt have never a drop for thy pains. Hear me—and, d'ye mark? twirl thy thingumbob while I sing.

Fem. Min.—'Tis a pretty tune, and hums dolefully.

[*Plays on the Balalaika.**—*Troubadour sings.*

I bear a secret comfort here,
[*putting his hand on the bundle, but without showing it.*
A joy I'll ne'er impart;
It is not wine, it is not beer,
But it consoles my heart.

Fem. Min.—[*interrupting him*] I'll be hang'd if you don't mean the bottle of cherry-brandy that you stole out of the vaults in the Abbey cellar.

Trou.—I mean!—Peace, wench, thou disturbest the current of my feelings—

[*Fem. Min. attempts to lay hold of the bottle. Troubadour pushes her aside, and continues singing without interruption.*

This cherry bounce, this loved noyau,
My drink for ever be;
But, my sweet love, thy wish forego;
I'll give no drop to thee!

[*Both together.*]

Trou. { This } cherry-bounce { this } loved noyau,
F. M. { That } { that }
Trou. { My } drink for ever be;
F. M. { Thy }
Trou. } But, sweet my love { thy wish forego!
F. M. } { one drop bestow.
Trou. { I } keep it all for { me!
F. M. { Nor } { thee!

[*Exeunt struggling for the bottle, but without anger or animosity, the Fem. Min. appearing by degrees to obtain a superiority in the contest.*

END OF ACT II.

Act the third—contains the eclaircissements and final arrangement between Casimere, Matilda, and Cecilia; which so nearly resemble the concluding act of "Stella," that we forbear to lay it before our readers.

ACT IV.

Scene—the Inn Door—Diligence drawn up. Casimere appears superintending the package of his portmanteaus, and giving directions to the Porters.

Enter Beefington and Puddingfield.

Pudd.—Well, Coachey, have you got two inside places?

Coach.—Yes, your Honour.

Pudd.—[*seems to be struck with Casimere's appearance. He surveys him earnestly, without paying any attention to the Coachman, then, doubtingly, pronounces*] Casimere!

Cas.—[*turning round rapidly, recognises Puddingfield, and embraces him.*

Cas.—My Puddingfield!

Pudd.—My Casimere!

Cas.—What, Beefington, too!—[*discovering him*] then is my joy complete.

Beef.—Our fellow-traveller, as it seems.

Cas.—Yes, Beefington—but wherefore to Hambugh?

Beef.—Oh, Casimere*—to fly—to fly—to return—England—our country—Magna Charta—it is liberated—a new era—House of Commons—Crown and Anchor—Opposition—

Cas.—What a contrast! you are flying to liberty and your home—I driven from my home by tyranny—am exposed to domestic slavery in a foreign country.

Beef.—How domestic slavery?

Cas.—Too true—two wives [*slowly, and with a dejected air—then after a pause*] you knew my Cecilia?

Pudd.—Yes, five years ago.

Cas.—Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a lady in Wetteravia—my Matilda was under her protection—alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the children, in a light blue riding-habit. The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me—my heart moved to hers, as if by a magnetic sympathy—we wept, embraced, and went home together—she became the mother of my Pantalowsky. But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her Rogero is languishing in captivity—if I could restore her to *him!*

Beef.—Let us rescue him.

Cas.—Will without power,† is like playing at soldiers.

Beef.—Courage without power,‡ is like a consumptive running footman.

Cas.—Courage without power is a contradiction.§—Ten brave men might set all Quedlinburgh at defiance.

Beef.—Ten brave men—but where are they to be found?

Cas.—I will tell you. Marked you the Waiter?

Beef.—The Waiter?— [*doubtingly.*

Cas.—[*in a confidential tone*] No Waiter—but a *Knight Templar.* Returning from the crusade, he found his order dissolved, and his person proscribed. He dissembled his rank, and embraced the profession of a Waiter. I have made sure of him already. There are, besides, an Austrian and a Prussian grenadier. I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of freedom. These, with Young Pottingen, the Waiter, and ourselves, make seven—the Troubadour, with his two attendant minstrels, will complete the ten.

Beef.—Now then for the execution. [*with enthusiasm.*

Pudd.—Yes, my boys,—for the execution.

[*clapping them on the back.*

Waiter.—But hist! we are observed.

Trou.—Let us by a song conceal our purposes.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.*

Cas.—Hist! hist! nor let the airs that blow
From Night's cold lungs, our purpose know!
Pudd.—Let Silence, mother of the dumb,
Beef.—Press on each lip her palsied thumb!
Wait.—Let Privacy, allied to Sin,
That loves to haunt the tranquil inn—
Gren. } And Conscience start when we shall view,
Trou. } The mighty deed we mean to do!

GENERAL CHORUS—*Con spirito.*

Then friendship swear, ye faithful bands,
Swear to save a shackled hero!
See where yon abbey frowning stands!
Rescue, rescue, brave Rogero!
Cas.—Thrall'd in a Monkish tyrant's fetters
Shall great Rogero hopeless lie?
Y. Pot.—In my pocket I have letters,
Saying, "Help me, or I die!"

Allegro Allegretto.

Cas. Beef. Pudd. Gren. Trou. Waiter, and Pot. with enthusiasm. } Let us fly, let us fly,
Let us help, ere he die!

[*Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.*

Scene—the Abbey Gate, with Ditches, Drawbridges, and Spikes. Time—about an hour before sunrise. The Conspirators appear as if in ambuscade, whispering, and consulting together, in expectation of the signal for attack. The WAITER *is habited as a Knight Templar, in the dress of his Order, with the Cross on his breast, and the Scallop on his shoulder.* PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON *armed with Blunderbusses and Pocket-pistols; the* GRENADIERS *in their proper Uniforms.—The* TROUBADOUR *with his attendant Minstrels, bring up the rear—martial Music—the Conspirators come forward, and present themselves before the gate of the Abbey.—Alarum—firing of Pistols—the Convent appear in arms upon the walls—the Drawbridge is let down—a body of Choristers and Lay-brothers attempt a sally, but are beaten back, and the Verger killed. The besieged attempt to raise the Drawbridge—*PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON *press forward with alacrity, throw themselves upon the Drawbridge, and, by the exertion of their weight, preserve it in a state of depression—the other besiegers join them, and attempt to force the entrance, but without effect.* PUDDINGFIELD *makes the signal for the battering-ram. Enter* QUINTUS CURTIUS *and* MARCUS CURIUS DENTATUS *in their proper Military Habits, preceded by the Roman Eagle—the rest of their Legion are employed in bringing forward a battering-ram, which plays for a few minutes to slow time, till the entrance is forced. After a short resistance, the besiegers rush in with shouts of victory.*

Scene changes to the Interior of the Abbey. The inhabitants of the Convent are seen flying in all directions.

The COUNT OF WEIMAR *and the* PRIOR, *who had been feasting in the Refectory, are brought in manacled. The* COUNT *appears transported with rage, and gnaws his chains. The* PRIOR *remains insensible, as if stupified with grief.* BEEFINGTON *takes the keys of the Dungeon, which are hanging at the* PRIOR'S *girdle, and makes a sign for them both to be led away into confinement. Exeunt* PRIOR *and* COUNT *properly guarded. The rest of the Conspirators disperse in search of the Dungeon where* ROGERO *is confined.*

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

* The Balalaika is a Russian instrument, resembling the guitar.—See the play of "Count Benyowsky," *rendered* into English.

* See "Count Benyowsky; or, the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka," where Crustlew, an old gentleman of much sagacity, talks the following nonsense:

Crustlew.—[*with youthful energy and an air of secrecy and confidence*] "*To fly, to fly, to the isles of Marian—the island of "Tinian—a terrestrial paradise. Free—free—a mild climate—"a new-created sun—wholesome fruits—harmless inhabitants—"and Liberty—tranquillity.*"

† See "Count Benyowsky," as before.

‡ See "Count Benyowsky."

§ See "Count Benyowsky" again. From which play this and the preceding references are taken word for word. We acquit the Germans of such reprobate silly stuff. It must be the translator's.

* We believe this song to be copied, with a small variation in metre and meaning, from a song in "Count Benyowsky; or the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka," where the conspirators join in a chorus *for fear of being overheard.*

Fashions for September.

WALKING DRESS.—A dress of canary-yellow gros de Naples, with three very broad distinct bias folds on the border of the skirt. Sleeves, à la Marie, with antique points at the wrists, and an enamelled bracelet of white and gold next the hand. Fichu-pelerine of fine India muslin, with long mantelet ends; the pelerine finished all round by Spanish points, edged with fine braiding, and surmounted by flutings of lace. The ends of this elegant out-door covering are drawn through a belt of tartan ribbon; yellow chequers on a white ground; though some ladies prefer the pattern to be of different colours. The pelerine is fastened at the throat with a bow of ribbon the same as the belt; a small triple French ruff of lace surmounts the fichu part. The hat is of white crape or chip, and is ornamented with bows and long puffs of tartan ribbon; yellow, on white ground. Blue silk stockings, with kid slippers of the same colour, en sandales, complete the dress.

EVENING DRESS.—A gown of a novel description, the lower part being made like a pelisse robe, of pink crape, richly ornamented with satin of the same colour. One broad bias fold of pink satin surrounds the border, cut in points next the knee, to which it nearly ascends: at the part where the robe closes down the front of the skirt, is a broad layer of satin, notched in points on each side: down the centre of this ornament are bows of pink satin ribbon, placed at equal distances. The body is finished in front with fichu robings in points, similar in appearance to the Anglo-Greek stomacher. The sleeves are long, and of white crape, with double rows of antique points of white satin: next the hand, a broad gold bracelet, fastened with a cameo head. A dress hat of white transparent crape; under the brim a fluting of broad blond; the crown of the hat covered with beautiful white plumage, playing in every direction.

Correspondence.

THE THEATRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Last night was performed Farquhar's comedy of the Inconstant, for the benefit of Mr. Charles Kemble. It is singular that this comedy should have been selected, as it does not contain one character calculated to display the talents of those performers who last night graced the Liverpool boards. The dialogue is tame, feeble, and common-place; the incidents forced and unnatural; and the characters (as regards the male portion) disgusting and contemptible. A comedy with such characteristics would, on ordinary occasions, have failed to please or interest, yet, supported by talent, it went off not only tolerably, but absolutely well; little thanks, however, to the author for this.

Mr. Charles Kemble performed the part of Young Mirabel, a cowardly, conceited, empty Frenchman, who, most unaccountably, is loved for these very faults by Oriana (Miss F. H. Kelly) whom he treats in a very scurvy manner. Mr. Kemble's performance of this character was barely tolerable; in fact, it cannot be expected that a man upwards of fifty, with a failing voice and wrinkled brow, can perform to the life a gay, young, gallant Frenchman. Why does Mr. Kemble still cling so fondly to a line of characters so irreconcileable with his age and appearance? It is but a source of pain to see old age aping the manners of youth in real life; and this pain is turned into disgust at beholding the same scene upon the stage. The illusion created by the drama is destroyed when you behold an aged man, called the young and handsome Mirabel; and you almost sicken to see eyes dim with the use of many years attempting to glance as brightly as they did in their pristine strength. Let Mr. Charles Kemble no longer support characters for which his appearance renders him unfit; there are enow of other characters more suited for his present condition. Mr. Blanchard performed Old Mirabel, and made the utmost of a very indifferent character. This gentleman is a most excellent actor, and too much praise cannot be awarded him. Mr. Browne performed the Captain, and was, as far as the character allowed, excellent. Our old favourite looks as well and appears in as good spirits as ever.

But the main charm of the evening was the performance of Mrs. Chatterley. Her character (Bissare) was the only good one in the piece, and to say she acted excellently is but feeble praise. A more lovely female never graced the boards of a theatre, and a better actress for her line of characters is not now in existence. To notice any part of her performance would be needless; it was all good, all perfect: further praise cannot be given. Miss F. H. Kelly performed Oriana, the young lady who is so desperately enamoured with Young Mirabel, and her acting was chaste and efficient. This said character of Oriana gives her no scope for the display of her powers, and of course renders criticism unnecessary. The rest of the performers were as usual.

After the comedy, a variety of songs were given with good effect; and Mr. Meadows, with his bundle of conundrums, convulsed the house with laughter. Permit me to notice one, which, whether his own or the production of a friend, is very ingenious. Why is the Liverpool Cork Collar like a horse-shoe? Because they are both made by a *Smith*. There; that is excellent; and no doubt its ingenuity, coupled with the acknowledged merits of the cork collars, will procure them a more (if possible) extensive notoriety.—I remain, yours, J. H.

Liverpool, Sept. 1, 1827.

MASTER GEO. NOAKES, THE INFANT ARITHMETICIAN.

Much as we have heard of Master George Noakes, who is now on a visit to Liverpool, (his actual performances have excited our extreme astonishment. Several of the questions we put to him in multiplying four figures by three, were solved in a very few seconds. In one respect this extraordinary boy differs from Jedediah Buxton, Young Bidder, or Zarah Colburn. These calculators, if they understood the process by which they arrived at their solutions, could not, or would not, describe it to others. But Young Noakes, after performing his calculation in his head, repeats the process aloud; and this is the most singular part of the phenomenon, and one, too, which, if properly investigated, promises to throw some light upon principles hitherto unknown. From a pamphlet now before us, we select the two following paragraphs, explanatory of this surprising boy's mode of working questions, as stated by himself:

In multiplying 70 by 128, he says, "70 times 100 are 7000; 70 times 20 are 1400; 70 times 3 are 210; equal to 8610."

In multiplying 46 by 46, he proceeds in the following singular manner:—"40 times 40 are 2080; 6 times 6 are 36; equal to 2116."

He is now just turned seven years of age; is ignorant of reading, writing, and what we term arithmetic.—The profits arising from his private or public exhibitions are to be devoted to the laudable purpose of supplying these deficiences; and those who give their mite, besides receiving in return a high treat, will have the satisfaction of reflecting that they are contributing to impart the advantages of education to one of the most extraordinary children that ever existed.—*Edit. Kal.*

MASTER NOAKES, THE CALCULATING CHILD.

Master G. Noakes is but seven years of age, and has stood the test at Cambridge, for three weeks, without being posed, to the great astonishment of the most learned Professors, and from whom he has received the greatest encouragement. Young Bidder, at twelve years of age, could solve any arithmetical question in a very short time, but could not give any elucidation as to the manner in which he had arrived at his conclusions. With George Noakes the case is very different, for he not only gives the answer, but tells the manner in which he proceeds to find it. The following are a few of the questions which this prodigy of nature has answered with surprising rapidity and precision:

How many turns will a wheel of 15½ feet in circumference make in going 1565¼ miles?—Answer, 533,280.

What is the value of 19,172 pairs of gloves, at 2s. 4½d. per pair?—Answer, £2276 13s. 6d.

How many portions of time, each consisting of 29 minutes, are there in 12 years, 365 days 6 hours to the year?—Answer, 217,638 and 16-29.

In £853 how many crowns, shillings, groats, and pence?—Answer, 3412 crowns, 17,060 shillings, 51,180 groats, and 204,720 pence.

The planet Mercury revolves round the sun in 88 days, How many revolutions will he perform in 17 years and 219 days?—Answer, 73.

In how many different places can I put 14 persons?—Answer, 87,178,291,200.

The following questions were proposed by the Lord Bishop of Peterborough.

Two men travel on foot, one from London to Peterborough, the other from Peterborough to London; they start at the same time, and travel by the same road, the distance being 77 miles; the Peterborough man walks 4 miles an hour, the other 3 miles an hour; where will they meet?—Answer 44 and 33 miles.

A stone falling from the top of a tower falls 16 feet in the first second, 3 x 16 in the second second, 5 x 16 in the third, 7 x 16 in the fourth, 9 x 16 in the fifth, and so on; the stone is eight seconds in falling; how high is the tower?—Answer, 1024 feet.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[From the Liverpool Courier.]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Aug.										
22	30	19	52	0	55	0	64	0	N.E.	Fair.
23	30	29	51	0	58	0	66	0	N.E.	Fair.
24	30	17	55	0	60	0	64	0	W.	Fair.
25	29	14	51	0	54	0	61	0	N.	Fair.
26	29	15	52	0	56	0	62	0	N.W.	Cloudy.
27	30	20	55	0	58	0	65	0	N.W.	Fair.
28	30	25	57	0	60	0	64	0	N.N.W.	Fair.

To Correspondents.

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.—Our readers will recollect that we stand pledged to deliver them another supplemental sheet. We expect to do this in about a fortnight, when we shall not fail to introduce several communications, which have been postponed owing to our arrangements. Amongst these are the Retrospective Address by *H. D.*—Lines by *J. M.*

SPECIMENS OF THE ELDER POETS.—In our next we shall proceed with this interesting series.

CHESS.—We shall reply to the query of *J. B. S.* in our next.

THE ROVERS OR THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.—We have this week concluded this whimsical piece, written by the late Mr. Canning.

THE PACHA OF EGYPT.—We had anticipated the wish of *A Cotton Broker*, as the sketch of *Mahommed* from the *Sphynx* was in the hands of our compositors when we received our correspondent's note.

LINES ACCOMPANYING A ROSE.—A correspondent, who has favoured us with a copy of some beautiful verses on this subject, has omitted stating explicitly whether they are original or selected. The circumstance is immaterial as respects the merits of the piece, but it is always our earnest wish to avoid giving an air of originality to a piece which has previously appeared in another journal. When initials are appended to any communication, they imply that they are the initials of the author, not those of the mere transcriber, although we very frequently meet with this "white lie" in cotemporary journals. A note from *Master Slender* will satisfy us.

MUSIC.—The piece to A—— is prepared in the type, and shall positively appear in our next; and the other pieces which we have in store shall be introduced in regular succession.

LE CHIEN DU VIEUX SOLDAT.—We have received an original translation of this interesting story, which appeared in the original French in some late numbers of the *Kaleidoscope*.—We shall in our next insert either the whole or a part, reserving the remainder for our succeeding number.

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